

The Kansas News.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1857.

The First Locomotive.

In the year 1838, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers. Among the voyagers was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet iron, tin and wire; but his greatest success lay in wirework, especially in making "rat-traps," and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent, and with a specimen of his work he was on a journey through the State of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "country rights," or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious, as most ingenious things are after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one end where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly reset the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following his illustrious predecessors," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department as an appendage to the sub-treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the patent office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam engine, because perhaps, I could more easily understand its mystery. To me the steam engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, inasmuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so formal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you had not got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, nigh as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well, Jabez," said I "what do you think of this mighty machine?"

"Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on't; and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he then and there assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of the rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation, I could not resist the conclusion that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did they never told their dreams, of a steam wagon; for even the name of 'locomotive' was then as unknown as 'locofoco'. When about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez, marked 'private,' telling me that he wanted to see me 'most desperately,' and that I must make him a visit at his place, 'near Wallingford.' The din of arms and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and 'pomp and circumstances of glorious war,' had, in the meantime, entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat-trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me he believed he had 'got the notion.'

"Notion? what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that steam wagon I told you about a spell ago; but it has pretty nigh starved me out; and sure enough he did look as if he had been on 'the anxious seat,' as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet iron, and old stove pipes, and mill wheels, and trunnel heads in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear some of those cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted it to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet, I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know, but some say it is a threshing machine, some a distillery; and, of late, they begin to think it's a shingle splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning along past the stage coaches, added he with a knowing chuckle, 'won't they?'

This brought us to the door of an old clapboarded, dingy, long, one story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with rags, and over the door he was unobtrusively written in bold letters,—"No Admittance." This was his "sanctum sanctorum."

THE KANSAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

BY P. B. PLUMB.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, JULY 18, 1857.

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JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE KANSAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Flourishes, Cuts, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to print CIRCULARS, CARDS, CERTIFICATES OF STOCK, DEEDS, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blankets. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "EXCELLENCE" is our motto.

rum.' I could occupy pages in a description of it, for every part exhibited evidences of its uses. The patent office at Washington, like your magazine, Mr. Editor, may exhibit 'finished productions' or 'inventive genius'; but if you could look into the portfolios of your contributors, in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half-finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which but 'breathed and died,' you might form some notion of the accumulation of notions that were presented to me on entering the workshop of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again: "The First Locomotive." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions,—rat traps, churns, apple pears, pill rollers, cooking stoves and shingle splitters, which hung or stood around it; or as my Lord Byron says with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood,
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood, 'the concentrated focus of all previous rays of inventive genius—' 'The First Locomotive.'

An unadorned, unpolished, unadorned, oven shaped mass, of double riveted sheet iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel heads, and screws and valves, all firmly based on four strongly made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the boiler," says he, "arter I stopped working here yesterday, and it hasn't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when, by pushing one slide and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and pistons, was in motion.

"Works slick don't it?" said Jabez.

"But it don't move," I replied.

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent." "You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel head, there; that small cog wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear, by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the bull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a little slower than chainlinkin'—and a darned little too!" But it won't do to give it a try, afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I can't contrived—but that is a simple matter; the shortest mode of stopping on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you—"

And with that, he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soft soap in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased until all seemed a buzz.

"It is nigh about perfection, ain't it?" says Jabez.

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" says he, eagerly.

"Immortality!" says I, and you shall have it, patent or no patent!" And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting tunnel head into the travelling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on the top of it, with the whizz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the "first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston rod and crank joints; evidently determined that, although he had started a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it did go, it "would go a little slower than a streak of chain linkin' and a darned leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he flew away."

But a moment, and he was here, in a moment he was there, and now, where is he, or rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."

My task is done. All I now ask is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat; in which doubt however, I for one do not participate; none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by the "back track" and "turn out," through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the projector and contriver of "the first locomotive," the immortal progenitor, "Jabez Doolittle, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Connecticut."

An Aged Negro.

The Shreveport, Louisiana paper, records the following death of the old black man Jim, usually known as Dr. Jim. He died on Saturday morning the 19th inst., aged one hundred and twenty-four years, three months, and twenty-five days. He was born December 24, 1731, in Fredericksburg, Va., as the slave of Captain John Carter, who served as an officer in the Revolutionary War. Jim was the body-servant of Captain Carter and others through the whole period of the Revolution, was well acquainted with Gen. Washington, and with most of the other distinguished generals of the war, and was at Yorktown and witnessed the last decisive struggle for independence.

His Mahomedan say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.—One act is worth a century of eloquence.

Beautiful and Holy.

What can be more beautiful and more holy than a mother's love? How pure and unselfish,—with what ecstasy does she watch for the first lisping accents of childhood; and with what pride does she gaze on its dawning beauty.

But when, from her fond arms, the cherished one is torn,—yet warm with her last embrace, and placed beneath the cold shroud, which hides it forever from her sight, then does it not seem as if her very life would go with it? With what speechless agony does she bend over its little coffin for the last time, and gaze on that little form, which of late was so full of buoyancy and beauty! How she misses its sweet silvery laugh, which was wont to greet her—the twining of its soft dimpled arms about her neck—the rose-bud lips with its sweet kisses. How often does she listen unconsciously for its tiny tread upon the soft carpet.

Its playthings, and the empty cradle, all speak of the absent one. What a void there is in her heart, as her eye rests on those things; "where shall the bereaved mother turn for consolation?" She has wealth perhaps, and beauty, and a large circle of friends, who smile upon her, in prosperity, and condole with her in her bereavement, but what cares she for these? Of what value are they to her, since they will not bring back her loved one to her arms? Would they not all be cheerfully resigned if her child could be brought back to her?

Oh! how little do we appreciate a mother's love while living! Not till she is gone forever from our sight, do we awake to feel the priceless gem, we have lost! Who can look unmoved on a mother? who utter the unexpressed affection and care, with which she has fostered us through helpless infancy, and guided us through childhood, can speak lightly of a mother? What love is more faithful? Though friends forsake, and shame brand thy brow, she will cling to you; her arms are ever ready to receive you. It is her gentle, soothing voice that brings the misguided one back to the path of virtue and honor. It is her kind hand that soothes the pillow of pain, and wipes the damp that gathers on our brow.

Oh! speak not of other's love; it cannot surpass that of a mother! what can be purer than her caresses? or more angelic than her smiles? The memory of a mother's love and kindness, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident of the past, awakes within us the soft tones of a mother's voice. The memory of her kindness will continue with us, till life's pilgrimage on earth is done.

A mother's love is a fadeless light,
That glimmers on our weary way;
A star amid the clouds of night,
An ever-shining, quenchless ray.

Poverty and Barbarism.

In this age, Poverty tends to barbarize men; it shuts them out from the educational influences of our times. The sons of the miserable class cannot obtain the intellectual, moral, and religious education which is the birthright of the Comfortable and the Rich. There is a great gulf between them and the culture of our times. How hard it must be to climb up from a cellar in Cove Place to Wisdom, to Honesty, to Piety. I know how comfortably Pharisaic self-righteousness can say, "I thank Thee I am not wicked like one of these," and God knows which is the best before His eyes, the scornful, or the man he loathes and leaves to dirt and destruction. I know this Poverty belongs to the state of transition we are now in, and can only be ended by our passing through this into a better; I see the medicinal effect of Poverty,—that with cantharidin sting it drives some men to work, to frugality and thrift; that the Irish have driven the American beggar out of the streets, and will shame him out of the almshouse ere long. But there are men who have not force enough to obey this stimulus; they only cringe and smart under its sting. Such men are made Barbarians by Poverty—barbarians in Body, in Mind and Conscience, in Heart and Soul.

Sometimes the spectacle of misery does good, quickening the moral sense and touching the electric tie which binds all human hearts into one great family; but when it does not lead to this result, then it debases the looker on. To know of want, of misery, of all the complicated and far extended ill they bring; to bear of this and to see it in the streets; to have the money to alleviate, and yet not to alleviate, the wisdom to devise a cure therefor, and yet make no efforts towards it—that is yourself to be debased and barbarized. I have often thought, in seeing the Poverty of London, that the daily spectacle of such misery did more in a year to debauch the British heart than all the slaughter at Waterloo. I know that misery has called out Heroic Virtue in some men and women, and made Philanthropists of such as otherwise had been only getters and keepers of gain,—we have noble examples of that in the midst of us; but how many men have Poverty trod down into the mire; how many has this sight of misery hardened into cold worldliness—the man frozen into mere respectability, its thin smile on his lips, its ungodly contempt in his heart!—Theodore Parker.

"What is the meaning of Strombus?" asked a juvenile student of his teacher.

"It means, my dear," a genus of marine gastropod mollusks, having the external border or lip dilated into a wing."

"Oh, yes! I thank ye, sir."

You may gain knowledge by reading, but you must separate the wheat from the chaff by thinking.

The improving man may start in life with a great stock of conceit, but it grows less and less as his knowledge increases.

What time is it? is now rendered: Please extricate your horologe, and indicate the advance of our duration.

Stockings that need darning look worse than darned stockings.

A Turkish Doctor.

We give the following as remarkably characteristic of a jest—A particular class of Emirs, or the descendants of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, are generally supposed to possess the virtue of healing the nervous diseases of the face called Yelanjik. They wear green turbans, repeat certain prayers over the patient, and are supposed to possess a charm in their fingers' ends.—The Emir lays his thumb on his nose, breathes upon the extended fingers, then lays it upon the forehead of the patient, and pressing upon the nerves of the face, utters a short prayer. This he often succeeds in dispelling the malady in a few minutes—whether by his own medical skill, or by the credulity of his superstitious patients, may be questioned. Strange to say, their only belief is, that when a cure is not effected, it is not because of the inefficacy of the charms of fingers, but the disease was not genuine Yelanjik, and, therefore, the holy Emir could not cure it. When any disease falls to be cured by either of these characters, the Gelinjikgee and Yelanjikgee, then in despair, the other disciples of the healing art are summoned, of whom there is no scarcity in Constantinople, where the last corner is generally patronized, until some new pretender succeeds him. A person once exceedingly ill of typhus fever, called in one of these medical gentlemen, who, although he considered the case quite hopeless, prescribed for his patient and took his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was not dead. "Dead? No. He is much better." Whereupon the doctor proceeded upstairs to obtain the solution of this miracle. "Why," said the convalescent, "I was consumed with thirst, and I drank a pail full of the juice of pickled cabbage."—Wonderful quoth the doctor, and out came the tablets, whereupon was inscribed, "Cured of typhus fever, Mehemed Agha, an upholsterer, by drinking a pail full of pickled cabbage juice." Soon after, the worthy doctor was called to another patient, a Yaghlikgee, or dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, suffering from the same malady. He forthwith prescribed "a pail full of pickled cabbage juice." On calling the next day to congratulate his patient on his recovery, he was astonished to be told the man was dead! The Oriental Esculapian, in his bewilderment as to these phenomena, came to the safe conclusion, and duly noted it in his memoranda, that, "Although in cases of typhus fever, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer!"

How to Fall Asleep.

The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process:—I turn my eye-balls as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other which I ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it.

Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was a blank. If any one doubts this let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here, and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of "a penny for his thoughts," or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to the weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair, after toiling all day in his fields.

Remarkable Family.

A paper in Birmingham, Conn., publishes the following:

"Residing within a stone's throw of our office is an old lady—Mrs. P. H. Beeman—a history of whose family presents the most striking instance of prolonged life that we ever knew or heard of. She is now in the ninety-second year of her age. The decease of her partner, Tracy Beeman, occurred but a short time since; he was two years her senior, and they had lived together in the same farm-house sixty-nine years.—They had a family of nine children, the eldest of whom is now seventy-three, and was married when she was fourteen. Of the grandchildren there are now forty-nine, the oldest of whom is aged fifty-six years. There are also one hundred and fifty-six great-grandchildren, and sixteen great-great-grandchildren! A few are dead, but the family seems blessed with an iron constitution, and most of them are yet living and well.—We doubt if there is another case in this country where a venerable mother can call two hundred and thirteen of her lineal pedigree around her Thanksgiving dinner table."

DRAMA.—A curious piece of testimony was given before a coroner's jury in Shelby county, Kentucky, recently. Harrison Stratton testified that he dreamed three nights in succession, about seeing a beautiful dead child in a certain place. After the third recurrence of the dream, he was so much impressed with the circumstance that he took a friend and looked under a stone, and there found the dead infant, just as it had appeared in his dreams. The child had evidently been murdered.

The Great Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Cable.

About a mile or so below Greenwich stands the factory of Messrs. Glas and Elliot, where the great submarine cable, by which it is hoped to connect England with America, is in rapid course of completion. The rolls of wire, tons of hemp yarn and singular-looking drums from the Gutta Percha Company, which are incessantly pouring into the works, betoken the presence of an unusual kind of manufacture, and this idea is quite borne out by a mere glance over the premises themselves. The first object which attracts the visitor's attention on entering the yard is the vast bulk of cable already completed. On each side of the path are two large circular docks or pits, in which about 500 miles are piled away in four massive coils, each 35 feet in diameter. It appears so manageable and so supple as the men drag it from the building in which it is manufactured that it is difficult to realize the fact that the greater part of it is iron wire, or that a light and slight looking rope of that kind is intended to form a perpetual medium of communication under the 3000 miles of one of the deepest and stormiest seas in the world. Such, however, is the result which it is hoped to achieve, though whether it will do so or not is quite another question, and one full of doubt and difficulty. Before entering further into the subject we may as well mention that the whole cable is being constructed in two equal portions—one half being made at Messrs. Newall's works at Birkenhead, and the other at Messrs. Glas and Elliot's at East Greenwich. The reason for this subdivision is that it was quite impossible for one manufactory to complete such a gigantic undertaking within the allotted time. Each firm is bound by contract to have 1,200 miles ready for shipment by July, and as many miles more as they can get completed in that time. Already at the two manufactories about 1,200 miles have been made.—Glas and Elliot produce at the rate of 70 miles per week, but with an additional machine in course of erection they will in a few days be able to increase that amount to 100 miles. We believe both firms expect to have 1,400 miles completed within the period specified in their agreement. The interest with which the progress of this great work is regarded on both sides of the Atlantic will excuse our giving a brief description of the various processes through which the cable passes in its course toward completion. The conducting wire through which the electric current will have to pass consists of seven No. 22 copper wires twisted into one strand the thickness of a No. 13 wire, or about 1-16th of an inch. This is then made by the Gutta Percha Company, or at all events coated by them with three folds of gutta percha, which increases the diameter of the whole to three-eighths of an inch. In this form it is delivered at the manufactory, coiled on wooden drums in two-mile lengths, with a short piece of the copper conductor left out at each end for the purpose of joining. As these arrive at Greenwich the ends of the conductor are carefully brazed together, bound round with gutta percha, and so joined to the entire length of the cable, which, all in one piece, is going through the different stages of manufacture in the various floors of the works. One end of the cable is connected with a sand battery of 240 cells, which maintains a continuous current through the whole, in order that the connection and insulation of every new two-mile length may be ascertained with the galvanometer as each piece is joined. The workman, therefore, who joins the ends, being in connection with the current, is obliged to be insulated from the floor with thick pieces of gutta percha under his feet, to prevent his receiving severe proofs of the perfection with which the current is carried through.—The wire thus coated and joined is then wound off to the "serving" machine, where it passes up the bins, each of which is supplied with many hundreds of yards of five-thread yarn soaked in a mixture of pitch, oil and tallow. As the wire moves slowly through this the bobbin wheel revolves at the rate of 375 times a minute, spinning the five strands of yarn tightly about it, so as not to leave the smallest interstice. It passes from this through a guage, which shows its diameter to be 9-16ths of an inch exactly, and the electric current with which it is in connection proves by the needle of the galvanometer that the connection and insulation of each fathom as it moves off has been uninjured by the "serving" process. It then only remains to "close" or bind it up in wire. In this operation an enormous amount of wire is consumed daily; indeed more is wanted than all the wire drawers in England can supply, though to do so, they are now tasking their powers of production to the very utmost. Of the amount required, our readers may judge by the fact that when completed, the whole cable will contain enough wire to encircle the globe nearly 15 times, or nearly to reach to the moon and back again. The wire used for closing the outside is No. 22. Seven of these are twisted into one strand, and 18 strands are twisted round the cable. The strand machine in which the seven wires are placed revolves 450 times per minute, binding the seven into one strong compact strand, the same diameter as the conducting wire—viz: 1-16th of an inch. Each of the strand machines, working night and day, spins 98 miles of wire into 14 miles of strand. There are 21 machines at work, which suffice to cover about ten miles of the cable. After the strand is spun it is wound on to bobbins, and having been carefully oiled and passed through a number of guages to insure its being of the requisite diameter throughout, the bobbins are placed in the closing machine, which is, of course, similar to that used for serving the yarn, but very much larger. By the revolution of 18 bobbins round the cable the 18 strands of wire are woven round it so as to form an almost compact metal case.

When their great size and weight are taken into consideration these closing machines revolve at fearful rapidity, and the centrifugal force sometimes causes the massive bobbins to fly off, carrying all before them.

Fortunately as yet no casualties have occurred. The cable thus completed is drawn from the "closing" machines at the rate of 30 feet per minute through a guage of five-eighths of an inch diameter, and then carried by revolving wheels through a tank of hot tar, issuing forth into the yard as fit as ever such a cable can be for its submarine duties. In the yard, as we have already said, it is coiled away in huge piles ready for shipment, each day's labor adding some inches to the height and bulk of the already ponderous masses.

The half of the cable made at Newall's works will be shipped in July on board the Niagara American screw-frigate, the largest and longest vessel of its class yet built. She will be accompanied for the occasion by the Mississippi frigate. The line made at Greenwich will be coiled on board the Agamemnon, which will also be accompanied by one of our largest steam-frigates to assist in laying down. The four vessels will proceed in company to the centre of the Atlantic, where the ends of the cable will be carefully joined, and each ship will make the best of its way to its own shores, the Niagara steaming to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, near the Peninsula Avalon, and the Agamemnon to Valencia Bay, county of Kerry, on the South-west coast of Ireland. By this method the whole cable is expected to be laid in a week, or ten days at most. Five miles of the cable where it joins in the centre, will be made of steel wire, to enable it to bear the great strain at starting. For 15 miles from the coast of Ireland it will also be made of immense strength and thickness, to insure it from injury from ships' anchors. The same precautions are also to be adopted at the other extremity at Newfoundland, though only for five miles distance from the shore, as the water there is very much deeper. It is intended to sink the cable across the extensive plateau or bank formed by the course of the Gulf Stream on its Northern side. "The greatest depth here is 2,100 fathoms, or nearly two miles and a half. The average depth of the whole route is 1,400 fathoms, or a little more than one mile and a half. The direct distance from Valencia to Newfoundland is 1,690 geographical miles, so that between 400 and 500 miles of cable are allowed for "slack" and casualties.—London Dispatch.

Doesticks on Fashionable Churches.

I very soon discovered that no "dead-ends" were allowed on this line, and that if a man couldn't pay, he was put off the train. After some preliminary chat about the foreign news, the state of the markets, the hope of a revival of religion, the rise in "Eric," the progress of the work of grace, and price of pork, the lowly ones gathered around and the sale began. These pews nearest the pulpit, or perhaps I should say, those seats next the locomotive, were sold first; they brought seventy, eighty, and even one hundred and twenty dollars premium; the price was to be paid merely for a choice of seats, in addition to the regular rent. Instantly saw that I hadn't money enough to take a first-class cabin passage, but hoped there might be a place for me somewhere. Jones bought a ticket, and Smith, and Tomkins; but there was not a single seat came down to my pile; and I felt I must give up the journey, or find a cheaper conveyance, for I certainly couldn't afford to go to heaven at such exorbitant rates.

Country Girls.

Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding-schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives, women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting.

The women in towns and cities are becoming so universally extravagant, foolish, and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of obtaining wives who are not invalids, and of providing them with what they want after they have married them. Unless the young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be the possessor of wealth, he must spend the best bloom of his youth in acquiring enough to "start upon" as people are expected to begin now-a-days. Men even in high places would go to the country for their choice, if they met there equal refinement and intelligence.

Town girls have the advantage of more highly polished manners and greater accomplishments; but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health, (and consequently more beauty,) simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought.

A sweet country home—with roses and honey-suckles trained to climb over it; with good taste, intelligence, and beauty within; toil enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty and love—is surely one of the paradises which heaven has left for the attainment of man.—Ohio Cultivator.

The late Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar of Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peck a veterinary surgeon: "Mr. Peck, how do you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peck, "I never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" said the Vicar; "then how do you get on, be don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peck, "after a certain time I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and I then ask him."

"Think of those mighty rivers running up and down and across the country in every direction, and the controversies about their navigation—is there to be any way of settling them?"—Edward Everett.

We have very serious doubts whether anything could be done with mighty rivers running up the country.—Louisville Journal.

There are twenty regular female physicians in the city of New York.

Keep your temper in dispute. The cool hammer falls on the red hot iron.